



We Met Auntie Wilhemina Grace Dancing

“The heavy set woman.”

—I glance, lay my cheek on yours and follow;
she wears her drugstore jetty wig askew;
her hair, moon grey, nearly gone beneath.

“Great Auntie Wilhemina Grace.”

—I point up the line, the list, of the face;
her look has parted, the eyes are dimmed;
the jaw traces out only ancients moods.

“Mother knows her well.”

—a clutch of the arm, the firm, muscled part;
loud talk late on lovely summer starry nights;
cascades of music danced over inquiet hearts.

TRACY DANISON